

# ZION'S HERALD AND THE WESLEYAN JOURNAL.

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## JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH.

The position of this doctrine in the Christian system, and its relation to the salvation of sinners, show its importance. This doctrine is the foundation of Christianity—the first part of the New Testament. Justification is the entrance of the Christian into the kingdom of God. It is the first step in the Christian's journey. An error at the commencement of a problem in mathematics would lead far from the truth in the conclusion; so if in religion we err in reference to justification it may vitiate our whole course. We may erect a beautiful and splendid superstructure, but if the foundation be insufficient, or the building be not properly established on a suitable foundation, it may not stand the blasts and tempests to which it will be exposed, and its fall may involve the occupant in ruin.

And although it may be supposed that as a matter of course every teacher of religion must be familiar with this simple and fundamental doctrine, it may not be time spent in vain to look at it for a few moments. If we derive no other advantage from the exercise we may at least acquire greater facility in stating the doctrine with clearness in our public exercises.

I. We will first notice the nature of justification. 1. To obtain a right idea of this it will be necessary to look at the condition of man as a transgressor. He was a subject of government, placed under a law which set forth the perfect measure of God's claims upon man and of man's obligations to God. The law was therefore just. It directed man to cherish the same love for his fellows that he did for himself. It was therefore good—beneficent in its influences. This law was violated and its transgression involved man in guilt. He was brought into condemnation deep and overwhelming. The rights of God had been invaded and the transgression was detrimental to the interests of an intelligent universe. The wrath and curse of an offended lawgiver rested upon the sinner. The rebel stood a culprit before his maker and judge. He had no plea to offer and possessed no means of making satisfaction. The law he had transgressed was righteous, and the act of transgression was deliberate and voluntary. How then can he be justified or obtain righteousness? It is utterly beyond the power of the sinner to obtain this for himself.

2. The sinner's justification must be derived from his Governor and Judge. As there are no means within the sinner's reach by which he can make satisfaction for his offensive conduct, if he ever obtain justification it must originate with God. No power inferior to that which originated the law can originate means by which a subject of that law, who has violated its provisions, can be constituted just or righteous. An inferior cannot set aside the rights and the authority of a superior. But the authority that originated law and government may possess the prerogative of relieving the transgressor from suffering the penalty of law, provided it can be done consistently with the principles of the government. God has provided a way whereby ungodly and rebellious men may become just and righteous.

Yet this provision has been made in such a way as to leave the Divine Throne untarnished, and fully sustain the vigor of the Divine Government. Notwithstanding the law rigorously and sternly denounces condemnation and death upon the transgressor, yet, by the provisions which have been made, that on the account of which the sinner is condemned, may be removed, taken entirely away, so that the sentence of condemnation is fully set aside. The act by which this is done is passed in heaven by God our righteous Judge. When He, against whom the sin has been committed, and who is also the Author of the law, by an act of his own takes away that on the account of which we are condemned, we are then set free and regarded as just. The hold the law had upon us is broken, and its denunciations against us are no longer heard. We are no more condemned than as though we had never sinned. It would even be an act of injustice to cause us to suffer on account of what is past. But how is this justification obtained? Upon what considerations will God change the relation of man to himself from that of a guilty and condemned culprit to that of a just and righteous subject? The answer is, *The exercise of faith on our part.* And I propose to show

II. That justification is by faith. The question naturally arises here, What is the nature of the faith by which we are justified? To understand this we should examine the Scriptures in reference to the point in question. As we do, we find that the faith which is justified is that which is in reference to some person, that they that believe are saved; and then again that they that believe are saved. It seems then that faith is used in the sense of believing. But this may suggest another question, viz, what are we to believe or what is the object of faith? The answer to this is, the truths contained in the Holy Scriptures. They present to our view the character of our Lord Jesus Christ, our Redeemer, the labors he performed and the sufferings he endured to effect our redemption, the nature of the blessings which result from the atonement, and promises which render those benefits clearly appear. But what does believing these truths imply? The assent of the intellect. This may be rendered when evidence sufficient to establish those truths is presented to the mind. And we are under no obligation to assent to anything as true without sufficient evidence.

And when proper and sufficient evidence is produced to establish any truth, every well regulated mind to which that evidence is presented will yield assent to those truths. The evidence in favor of the truths of the Bible is ample and sufficient. Every well regulated and unbiased mind that thoroughly investigates that evidence will find no difficulty in assenting to them. No such mind, under a candid and thorough investigation of the evidences in favor of the authenticity of the Christian system, ever did or ever can decide against it. Where skepticism or doubt exists in reference to this subject it originates in a corrupt and wicked heart that trusts in any want of wisdom. Believing these truths is like the kind of faith, but this is only one step toward justifying faith, but does not embrace the justifying element. We may believe all this and remain guilty sinners still. It is obvious that there must be

2. Appropriation of this method of justification. Freedom from condemnation and the wrath of God would be regarded as desirable by all. But the way in which this is to be obtained does not place the carnal mind. The natural mind does not relish the preparatory process. The discoveries made to the sinner by that light which reveals to him his condition are painful; to renounce his beloved sins and tear away from his heart his cherished idols is like parting with his life blood. And when the sinner contemplates the Scripture way of salvation he contemplates the sinner's order to justification are would like to be delivered from condemnation and wrath, and enjoy justification and its attendant blessings, but he does not like the way in which they are to be sought. And it is not till the sinner becomes willing to be saved in the way, and even approves of this method of justification, that he does or can exercise justifying faith. He will not voluntarily submit to and rely upon that which he does not approve.

3. But the essential element of justifying faith is reliance. It is with the heart that we believe unto justification or the attainment of righteousness. When the penitent sinner beholds the character of the Redeemer, the design of his sufferings and death, and the sufficiency of the atonement, and God's willingness to receive and deliver from guilt and condemnation all who come unto him, he may then submit to this method of justification, and trust in and rely upon Christ for a fulfillment of those promises which present pardon and justification to those who come to Christ. The sinner who in this way comes to the Savior, renouncing all trust in his own merit and righteousness, and looking to no other source for help, but ventures freely and fully upon Christ, relies exclusively on his merits for the pardon of his sin and acceptance with God, finds that this faith is accepted of God instead of personal righteousness; by it he is justified, accounted and constituted righteous. This faith then implies unreserved submission to God and a hearty and full reliance upon Christ. Without this no sinner can be justified; but whoever thus believes, whatever the number or the magnitude of his sins, is that moment justified.

REM. 1. In view of this the inquiry may be proposed, How can this faith be obtained? The answer is, Faith cometh by hearing. Hearing what? Scripture truth. We want to hear that which we are to believe. And we want to hear and believe that which presents to our minds the way of salvation. When truth is presented to the mind we gain a knowledge of duties to be performed; but if those duties are neglected, and we turn away from the light which reveals them, no faith will come, however attentively we may hear the truth. But if that light be followed, and those duties be cheerfully and heartily performed, while walking in this path faith will come, it will be wrought in our hearts by the power of the Holy Ghost. If we yield obedience to the claims of the Gospel, the difficulties in the way of exercising faith will soon be overcome. But while we are unwilling to obey the Gospel, or neglect to do so, it will be utterly impossible for us to exercise justifying faith. True saving faith is neither a blind nor an indolent principle. While on the one hand we must see the truth, the promise, upon which faith is to lay hold, on the other, faith is to be active in embracing that promise and applying it to our own hearts. It is then by hearing the truth and obeying it that faith comes.

2. Justification is by grace. If it is by faith it cannot be by the effort of our works or deservings. And if it is not by our merits or deservings it must be a free gift. If a free gift it must be by the grace (favor) of God. Although the exercise of faith on our part is a condition, without a compliance with which we cannot be justified, yet there is nothing meritorious in the exercise of faith. It is simply an act by which we lay hold of, receive, and come into the possession of the gift which is offered to us. Justification is therefore by grace through faith, the free gift of a gracious God to unworthy sinners. WM. GORDON.

Oakham, June 13, 1844.

From the New York Observer.

## "HERE WE HAVE NO CONTINUING CITY."

BY REV. SAMUEL W. FISHER, ALBANY.

A poet of the world has said, "This world is a stage, and all its men and women are players." In this he has given utterance to a truth perhaps of deeper meaning than he himself imagined. The world is but a stage of action wherein tread not the slain actors of the playhouse, but immortal men, acting for eternity. The scenes of life are rapidly changing. Place and times are ever on the wing. There is no permanence to this life in this world. Relations, abodes, all that which constitutes a home, are never long secure from change. But as in a theatre, in a few nights or hours, scenery, actors, and life, are all changed, so here in a few brief seasons, new scenes open, new dwellings rise, and new actors appear on this green earth stage of life's drama.

Our Apostle knew well, from his own rich experience the truth of this description, and has given expression to it with a condensed energy: "Here we have no continuing city." The youth of Tarsus, the disciple of Gamaliel at Jerusalem, the preacher of the cross for thirty years from Antioch to Rome, he scarcely knew a home; the city where he labored and prayed and preached, was soon exchanged for another field of labor until with the full experience of his truth he could say, "Here we have no continuing city." We seek one to come. The term city is here equivalent to abode—residence; and the sentiment is, that we have no permanent abode in this world; we are changing, and the things around us are ever changing; all the various relations of life are subject to perpetual change. The truth of this sentiment will be fully manifest if we look at it in the light of the actual history of man.

It is a fact, then, that God in his providence often takes from us our old earthly abodes, and obliges us to seek others. It often happens that the mansion erected by the toil of years so as to gratify the taste of its possessor, and suit his most minute convenience, becomes in a single night his earthly habitation, now a heap of ashes he may well exclaim, "Here we have no continuing city."

So it is common to behold a man successful in a time of peace, enlarging his barns, beautifying his grounds, and rearing still higher his superb and costly mansions, until as you walk over his gravelled walks, and inhale the perfume of a thousand exotics, or rest yourself in the dense shade of his noble trees, you feel that this must be an Eden spot indeed. At length, meeting some heavy revulsion in trade, or through the fall of stocks and the failure of others for whom he has stood security, he begins to tremble like an oak just ready to fall, and at last driven away by the huge arm of bankruptcy, he sees his treasured abode vanish from him, and as he turns away from the door now locked against him, and gazes for the first time upon the broad rich lands he once rejoiced over with a monarch's joy, then with what force will the words of our text come home to his heart, enforced by his sad and bitter experience—"For here we have no continuing city."

Nor is it unusual to behold men afflicted with disease and forced to leave the home of their fathers for other and more genial climes. And sometimes I have seen the head of the household seized in the embrace of a fatal illness; and as he who was the stay and staff of a little world was broken, and the desolate mourners were scattered abroad over the world's face, and the melody of their joyous voices no longer rang through the hall or evened the fireside, then could they all exclaim with the emphasis of a felt experience, "Alas! alas! we have no continuing city."

And again I have seen the beloved child of a father's hopes, whose whole soul had long desired to dwell beneath the paternal roof and cherish the declining age of those who gave him being, until their sun should set in mild effulgence, called by the voice of his higher Father, and the trumpet tones of wailing millions from the sad shores of Africa, to leave father and mother, brother and sister, house and lands, to dwell in the rude huts of savages, and proclaim the gospel to brutish men;

and as he has left his native land amid the tears of friends and the smiles of angels, his own sinking heart could exclaim from its lowest depths, "Here—here I have no continuing city; blessed be God, I seek one to come." Thus, in these various ways do we behold God at work pouring insecurity upon our dwelling place, and telling us in unmistakable tones, "Here thou hast no continuing city."

But let us turn from this view of our subject to another equally striking. If God does not in many cases oblige us to forsake our long-cherished abodes, yet he often comes and does that which makes them desolate; so that the afflicted soul is made to feel as forcibly the truth of our text, as if the fire, or bankruptcy, or the voice of woe had obliged him to darken its threshold no more. To-day in the midst of all your high hopes and joy, the aged parent who gave you existence, whose tender love watched over your feeble infancy, and educated your expanding powers for the toils of life, the parent associated with all your sweetest recollections of childhood the object of your reverence and your love, is cut down by the scythe of death. Then as you remember that his smile shall cheer you no more, and his arm no longer sustain you, and his presence no more give life to your fireside, and his counsel no longer direct you, that he is gone to rest no more, then indeed is your house made desolate, and with a broken heart you exclaim, "Surely here we have no continuing city." To-morrow, a dear companion, a beloved sister, or a too dearly loved child leaves your habitation for that barren waste no traveller returns. Then, then, there comes a still more fearful desolation into your dwelling; and though your abode were a palace, that light be followed, and those duties be cheerfully and heartily performed, while walking in this path faith will come, it will be wrought in our hearts by the power of the Holy Ghost. If we yield obedience to the claims of the Gospel, the difficulties in the way of exercising faith will soon be overcome. But while we are unwilling to obey the Gospel, or neglect to do so, it will be utterly impossible for us to exercise justifying faith. True saving faith is neither a blind nor an indolent principle. While on the one hand we must see the truth, the promise, upon which faith is to lay hold, on the other, faith is to be active in embracing that promise and applying it to our own hearts. It is then by hearing the truth and obeying it that faith comes.

Or, perhaps one whom you loved and in whom you confided has proved false, and the friends whom most you cherished have turned against you, or the child of your hope has forsaken the path of virtue, then, as you feel the desolation of the heart, the arrows enter your very vitals, do you exclaim, "Here I have no continuing city."

It may be the case, however, that for years persons are permitted to enjoy the delights of their own happy and seemingly permanent fireside. The child grows to manhood, and toils on to old age in the very spot where his fathers dwelt, and amid the same scenes and air where first he drew the breath of existence. Around him flourish his children; the grandchild clings his knees, and caldren his years with the remembrance of his own gay childhood. Yet even of such an one it is true, most obviously true, that here he has no continuing city. There is no earthly immortality. There is no exemption from decay. The tallest and broadest oak of its centuries will ultimately fall, as surely as that which the woodman's axe has laid prostrate. Death, the great leveller, knoweth no favorites. He visits alike the palace and the cottage, and triumphs alike over the infant of the day and the man of his four score years. The fathers, where are they? Long before the buildings they reared had crumbled, their mortal parts had mouldered to dust. If no hand of woe or disease or sad affliction drove them from their habitations, or spread around them the blackness and horror of desolation; if here on earth they were not obliged by conscience and called by the voice of God to leave the spots endeared by a thousand attachments, and hallowed by all that is blessed in sacred and sweet memories; if to them there came none of those rude shocks which make the very soul bleed at every pore, while it still remains a dweller on the footstool, yet the day came at last, and despite their years, suddenly, an angel with a sword keen and resistless as that of the flaming cherubim, to expel them out into the boundlessness of eternity. Yes, we must die. The places that now know us, will in a few days know us no more for ever. Our houses will be tenanted by others, other hands will toil our fields, and other feet will tread these sacred courts, and other voices will join these hallowed songs. The changes of time make us restless, perturb our hearts, arouse our passions, and fill us with sad forebodings. Alas! we think not how soon a change will come over us all, that will shake down these earthly tabernacles, and bid us say farewell either to the loved scenes of our earthly pilgrimage, or then we feel ourselves in the grasp of one mightier than man, and transported by an invisible power, our eyes gaze for the last time on the woods and fields and skies, and on the faces of friends dear as our own souls; then shall we be able with wonderful emphasis to exclaim, "For here we have no continuing city."

For Zion's Herald and Wesleyan Journal.

## PEACE.

THE PRESS AN ALLY OF PEACE.

The power of the press is proverbial; and wisely have the friends of peace from the first relied upon it as their chief instrument. We have employed it to a considerable extent in issuing publications of our own; but with an income for a time of only a few hundred dollars a year, and even now, when we have been enabled to neglect the mass of the community, or reach them mainly through the periodical press. This last course we have hitherto taken not more from necessity than from policy, since the press covers the whole land more or less with its daily, weekly, and monthly issues, and thus makes not only a simultaneous but homogenous impression respecting whatever subject it discusses.

The cause of peace is a child of the press. It sprang not so much from public lectures or even from private discussion, as from the appeals of individuals through the press; and this pioneer of our cause in the days of Worcester, Ladd and Grinnick, has continued till now to be its leading ally and supporter. Not a few secular journals have occasionally lent us their aid; but religious newspapers and periodicals have been our chief organs of communication with the public. Their columns have for the most part been freely opened for the advocacy of our cause; and without them we could not, with our slender resources, have accomplished half, if a quarter as much as we have.

We acknowledge, with grateful pleasure, the obligations of Peace to the Christian press of our land, and earnestly solicit an increase of their services in this cause. We believe the public mind is ripe for a very favorable consideration of the subject; but, unable ourselves to bring it before them, we must, of course, depend chiefly on religious newspapers, and would hereby request them to publish, if possible, in every number more or less in the form of brief, pertinent articles, adapted alike to interest and benefit every sober, fair-minded reader.

Geo. C. Beckwith, Cor. Sec. of the American Peace Society.

REASONS.

P. S. Let me just hint at some of the reasons for this request.

1. The subject is confessedly important, and strictly appropriate to such papers.
2. It would increase both their interest and their usefulness.
3. It would perform an important service without any additional expense or trouble.

4. It would save a great deal of time and money that would be requisite for bringing the subject before the community in other ways.

5. It would check the demand for a further multiplication of periodicals to meet the wants of this cause.

6. By letting the whole community look at the subject in essentially the same light, and at the same time, it would prevent conflict and asperity of feeling.

7. It would do immense good, and do it just as well as not. Of over twenty thousand ministers, hardly one that does not take some religious paper; and if there is an average of only ten lay subscribers to every minister, then would these papers reach in all more than two hundred thousand families, or more than a million of people, and those the best informed, the most conscientious and most influential. Could war stand before such an array of moral influences?

## PAINS OF AUTHORSHIP.

Independently of the labor requisite to supply the staple material of genius or learning, the craft of authorship would seem to be by no means so easy of practice as is generally imagined. Almost all our works, whether of knowledge or of fancy, have been the product of much intellectual exertion and study, or, as it is better expressed by the poet,

"The well ripened fruits of wise delay."

Pope published nothing until it had been a year or two beside him, and even then his printer's sheets were full of alterations; and on one occasion Dodsley, his publisher, thought it better to reprint the whole than attempt the necessary corrections. Goldsmith considered four lines a day good work, and was seven years in heating out the pure gold of the *Deserted Village*. Hume wrote his *History of England* on a sofa, not much of a task to him; but he went on silently, correcting every edition, till his death. Robertson used to write out his sentences on small slips of paper, and after rounding and polishing them to his satisfaction, he entered them in a book, which, in return, underwent considerable revision. Burke had all his principal works printed two or three times at a private press, before submitting them to his publisher. Akenside and Gray were indefatigable correctors, laboring every line; and so was our more prolific and imaginative poet, Thomson. Two of the most ambitious of authors, Johnson and Gibbon, were the least laborious in arranging their thoughts for the press. Gibbon sent the first and only manuscript of his stupendous work to the printer; and Johnson's high sounding sentences, which rise and fall like an *Æolian harp* or cathedral organ, were written almost without an effort. Both, however, moved, as it were, in the world of letters, thinking or caring of little else—one in the heart of busy London, which he dearly loved, and the other in his silent retreat at Lausanne. Dryden wrote hurriedly to provide for the day that was passing over him, and consequently had little time for correction; but his *Abdram* and *Antioch*, and the beautiful imagery of the *Hind* and *Panther*, must have been fostered with parental care.

St. Pierre copied his *Paul and Virginia* nine times that he might render it the more perfect. Rousseau exhibited the utmost covetousness of affection for his long cherished productions. The epistles in his *Heloise* he wrote on fine gilt edged card paper, and having folded, addressed, and sealed them, he opened and read them in his solitary walks in the woods of fair Clarens, with the mingled enthusiasm of an author and lover. Sheridan watched long and anxiously for a good thought, and when it did come he was careful to attain it suitably. Burns composed in the open air—the summer the better; but he labored hard, and with almost unerring taste and judgment, in correcting his pieces. The care of them did not cease with publication. I have seen a copy of the second edition of his *Poems*, with the blanks filled up, and numerous alterations made, in the poet's hand writing.

Lord Byron was a rapid composer but made abundant use of the pruning knife. On returning one of his proof sheets from Italy he once expressed himself undecided about a single word, for which he wished to substitute another, and requested Mr. Murray to refer it to the late veteran editor of the *Quarterly*. Sir Walter Scott evinced his love of literary labor by undertaking the revision of the whole *Waverley Novels*—a good freightage of some fifty or sixty volumes! The works of Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge and Moore, and the occasional variations in their different editions, mark their love of re-touching. The Laureate indeed unwearied, after his kind—a true author of the old school. The bright thoughts of Campbell, which sparkle like polished lenses, were manufactured with almost equal care; he is the Pope of modern bards. His corrections are generally decided improvements.

Allan Cunningham unfortunately corrects but little; his gay and gorgeous genius requires the curb of prudence, excepting, perhaps, in his imitations of the elder lyrics, which are perfect cantos of Scottish feeling and poetry.

The above are but a few instances of authors' cares—the *disjecta membra* of literary history. Of many illustrious men we have few memorials. Shakespeare was in all things a "chartered libertine," and could not have been a very laborious corrector. His free genius must have disclaimed the restraint of study, and the unities of time and place, as much as his own beautiful, inimitable *Ariel*, would have scorned the fetters of this mortal coil. Milton—the "old man eloquent"—the poet of *Paradise Lost* and *Regained*—was "slow to choose" and sedulous to write for immortality; but his great mind, like the famous pool of Norway, embraced at once the mightiest and the minutest things, and his thoughts disclaimed to appear in an imperfect shape. "What was written—was written"—and was incapable of improvement. Of his gift of temporary, Jeremy Taylor, few records have survived the "great storm which dashed the vessel of the church and state all in pieces." When prescribing rules for the employment of their time in the morning he does not fail to counsel his readers to be "curious to see the preparation which the sun makes, when he is coming forth from his chambers of the East;" and we know that he was zealous to present "a rosary or chaplet of good works" to his Maker every evening. Such a man would, from taste and genius, be careful of the conceptions of his immortal mind; all that was tender, pious, and true, would be cherished and adorned, while the baser alloy of human passions and infirmities would be expelled from such consecrated ground. Cowper, the lights and shades of whose character have been spread before us almost as plainly and beautifully as the face of nature, in composition had only to transfer his thoughts to paper. He never forgot the man in the poet; he does not, like Milton's sirens, "with voluptuous hove dissolve," but he more than realizes our expectations, and bounds them all within the charming ring of virtue. In his Letters, as in those of other authors, we may sometimes trace the germ of his finest poetic pictures—

"As you gray lines that fret the east  
Are messengers of day."

Who does not wish that he had foreseen the splendor of his meridian reputation?

But it is time to close these disjointed notes. However delightful it may be thus to string them

together in the silence and sunshine of a Highland glen, every nook and cranny of which is now insistent with life and beauty, they will be read with different feelings in the saloons of the "city of palaces."—Edinburgh Lit. Journal.

From the Mercantile Journal.

## THE MERITS OF PHONOGRAPHY.

MR. EDITOR:—The desire to establish confidence in the soundness of the claims of phonography to general usefulness and its title to be regarded as a science, as well as its adaptation to the accomplishment of the literary revolution at which it aims, led me some time since to place in the hands of several scientific gentlemen of this city the publication connected with the system and to request them to examine its principles and pretensions, and give me the result of such examination. Among other replies which I have received, all of them equally favorable, is the accompanying letter from the Rev. E. N. Kirk, by publishing which in your valuable journal, for which I have the writer's permission, you will confer a favor upon the increasing numbers who are becoming deeply interested in the progress of this new method of communicating thought.

Yours, &c.  
STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

Phonographic Institution, 21 School street, Boston.

Boston, April 23, 1844.

MR. ANDREWS.—Dear Sir:—You request an expression of my opinion concerning the merits of Phonography. I may say in expressing such an opinion, that it is formed after a merely cursory attention to the subject. And I am prepared to speak more confidently of the prospects of the system, than of its merits. It is destined inevitably to a desperate struggle with the dread of innovation, attachment to even the barbarisms in which we have been educated, the aversion to make our own attainments useless, and the interests of the crafts of book-making and book-selling. These are selfish interests, with which it must ultimately join issue. Besides them it will meet a natural dread in scholars of losing the etymological aid of the existing orthography. Although even here the question has been started with me, whether now the sound is not twice as frequently a clue to etymological analogy as the arbitrary visible sign. Those who have attended even less than myself to the subject may inquire on what ground it is anticipated that this system will acquire sufficient favor to bring it to a position where it can disturb the quiet dignity of the old orthography. To this it may be answered, on the ground of philanthropy and of self-interest. This may be illustrated by a simple case. Suppose a child to have been taught the existing alphabet and the proposed alphabet. In the one case he calls the letter s, ess; h, he names alpha; o, o; e, ee. In the other he has a character, no matter what; suppose ll to represent the sound which we now represent by sh; and another character to represent oo; suppose it is —. Now his teacher sits down to instruct him in the art of reading. The word to be read is the name of the article which covers the feet. The child knows the word by the sound, but not by its written signs. The teacher has two means of teaching at his command. In the one case he writes the letters s h o e. Taken by their names, for that is the first process in the child's mind, they spell this strange word, *esshaeohe*. But the poor child has never heard of an *esshaeohe* in his life. The teacher points to his feet. But that is a shoe, not an *esshaeohe*. What, then, is to be done? A new process must be commenced, which is to unlearn what he has just been learning. And the child is taught that he is neither to say ess, nor aitch, nor o, nor e; but simply shoe. He believes it is so, because, fortunately, children are credulous. But for the life of him he cannot see how, no, nor why it is so. In this, however, he is as wise as his teacher. Now let us suppose the teacher to try the other method. The child has learned wherever he sees ll, to sound sh, and wherever he sees o, to say oo, then when the teacher writes before him ll o, he writes the letters s h o e. Taken by their names, for that is the first process in the child's mind, they spell this strange word, *esshaeohe*. But the poor child has never heard of an *esshaeohe* in his life. The teacher points to his feet. But that is a shoe, not an *esshaeohe*. What, then, is to be done? A new process must be commenced, which is to unlearn what he has just been learning. And the child is taught that he is neither to say ess, nor aitch, nor o, nor e; but simply shoe. He believes it is so, because, fortunately, children are credulous. But for the life of him he cannot see how, no, nor why it is so. In this, however, he is as wise as his teacher.

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Truly yours, Edw. N. Kirk.

## AFRAID OF THE BIBLE.

We see nothing in modern German theological literature more to be deplored than the unwillingness which, to a greater or less degree, even its most pious cultivators display to bring all their opinions and controversies to the simple test of scriptural authority. A taint of rationalism adheres almost unconsciously to them even in their most anxious efforts against this ruinous system. We know of none so free of this as Tholuck, Neander and Hengstenberg, especially the latter, of whose "English mind" and "rough occidental materialism" his countrymen sometimes complain; but even they might be better in some respects than they are. O! that men of their vast and well stored minds were thoroughly possessed of the idea that one clear injunction of the Divine Spirit is

to the true believer, of more constraining energy than all the reasonings which the deepest thinker ever drew out of an abstract conception! Then might we hope that "the word of the Lord would grow mightily and prevail" in that interesting country for whose spiritual regeneration they have been already honored to do so much.—London Eclectic.

From the Christian Observer.

## THE LIFE OF TORQUATO TASSO.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN.

The controversies respecting the birth of Tasso have been so great that they have tended more to the support of ostentation than to the discovery of truth—a fatality, perhaps, of Italy, which, inheriting her science from Greece, inherited likewise a controversy concerning the birth of another Homer. In some parts of his works Tasso is called a Neapolitan, but this cannot be strictly affirmed, as those who are born in other parts of the kingdom, as well as in the city of Naples, are called Neapolitans. Tasso was born on the 10th of April, 1544, at Torento, a city delicious for its odoriferous sea-breezes, and the fruitfulness of its hills, about eighteen miles from Naples. His father, Bernardo Tasso, a distinguished poet of Bergamo, and his mother, Portia Rossi, were both descendants of noble families.

During the first years of Tasso, a gravity, united with a melancholy paleness, was observable in his countenance. After studying grammar, rhetoric, and poetry, he was sent by his prudent father, to the college of Padua, for the study of the law, with a view to become the future support of the family, which, through a series of years, had suffered the most violent reverses of an adverse fortune. But the well furnished mind of Tasso, repugnant to the legal profession, and filled with poetic enthusiasm, even while he feared and venerated his father, learned no other laws but the sonorous laws of harmonious composition. He had not yet completed his eighteenth year, when the flower of his wonderful genius first expanded. He put to press his poem, *Rinaldo*, which, in the judgment of the intelligent, not only surpassed an age incapable of forming so regular a composition, but advanced his fame amongst the most distinguished poets.

At the death of his father he went from Padua, where he had studied philosophy and the other sciences, to Bologna, preceded alike in all places by his fame. Here he found a retreat in the house of the Lord Cardinal. The chief Cardinal Este, the then *Magnifico* of the *Virtuosi*, was so charmed with Tasso that he invited him to Ferrara, conducting him with him wherever he went, and esteeming it the highest honor to retain at his court a poet of such distinction as had been honored by the King of France with the epithet of Great. On this occasion he came into favor with that extensive house, the protectors of letters, and especially with Alphonso, the Duke of Ferrara, in whose flourishing court he enjoyed the leisure to give the last finish to his celebrated poem, "*Jerusalem Delivered*," a work which he had commenced some years before.

This poem, on account of the perfection of its composition, raised Tasso to the third rank of heroic poets. Indeed, it has been supposed by some, that neither Virgil in the Latin, nor Homer in the Greek, is superior in elegance to that beautiful composition in the Italian language. For selection of language and elevation of style, for purity of diction and symmetry of metaphor, for harmony of measure, and completeness of place, and, in fine, for choice of subject, the whole work is as wonderful in itself, as it is ornamental of science. A celebrated Italian critic, in his comparison of Homer, Virgil, and Tasso, having commented upon the first ten books of the *Jerusalem*, gives it the preference to both the former, in point of doctrine and practical art. But although the sun of epic poetry had arisen with so much splendor, clouds of darkness were not wanting to obscure its glory. The famous Academy Della Crusca, at Ferrara, whether on account of a low opinion entertained of Tasso, or on account of an exorbitant estimate of his fame, launched forth a vigorous criticism of the Poem, which while it contributed to the literary reputation of its authors, tended rather to increase than to diminish the fame of the poet. It had however, one very lamentable effect. Tasso, naturally of a melancholy temperament, became irritated, and impatient of all delay, he determined to recompose his poem, and send it forth with the new title—"*Jerusalem Conquered*;" a great error of a great mind, and though discouraged by the learned, was prevented only by his deep occasional melancholy, which increasing with his application, became an evident fatality. While he remained at Ferrara, at the splendid court of Alphonso, in high estimation, he was attacked anew by his accustomed melancholy, and became insane, sometimes wandering abroad as a fugitive, with a change of habit and of name, and sometimes returning as a timid lamb to the cot, constant in nothing but in the inconstancy of his nature. Some attribute his malady to crossed affection, secretly nurtured, united with his predominant melancholy, which overmastered his intellect. To a condition so demanding compassion, the prudent duke sought to afford relief by having him confined in a place of security. Here, although he had remained a length of time, he might have remained much longer, and perhaps not easily have obtained his liberty, had it not been for the zeal and ardent friendship of a brother poet, who obtained the intervention of some of the nobles, and particularly the Duke of Mantua, for his liberation. As soon as he was released he went to Mantua, whence he was invited by Cardinal Hildebrand to Rome. Here, while he was about to be crowned with laurel on account of his poetic celebrity, on a sudden his violent malady attacked him again, and, in the height of his frenzy, he desired to be conducted to the court of Rome, a request which was granted, with the hope that the gratification might prove conducive to his recovery. While at Rome he finished a very learned work, called "*The World Created*," in blank verse; after the completion of which the literary world were called to perform their last duty to his remains.—The singer of the earthly Jerusalem, it is hoped, ascended to the celestial Jerusalem. He died A. D. 1585, and the body of the noble poet was interred in the church of St. Onofrio, in the city of Rome. S. S.

SLEEP.

The most curious statement that we have any where met with concerning the appointment of time for sleep, occurs in Dr. Clarke's *Travels*. Speaking of the Norwegians, he says—"The lower order of people in the summer sit up the whole night, and take no sleep for a considerable length of time. Sunday is in fact their sleeping day; if they do not go to church, they spend the greater part of the Sabbath in sleep; and in winter they amply repay themselves for any privation of their hours of repose during summer." Archbishop







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